SEX CRIMINALS™

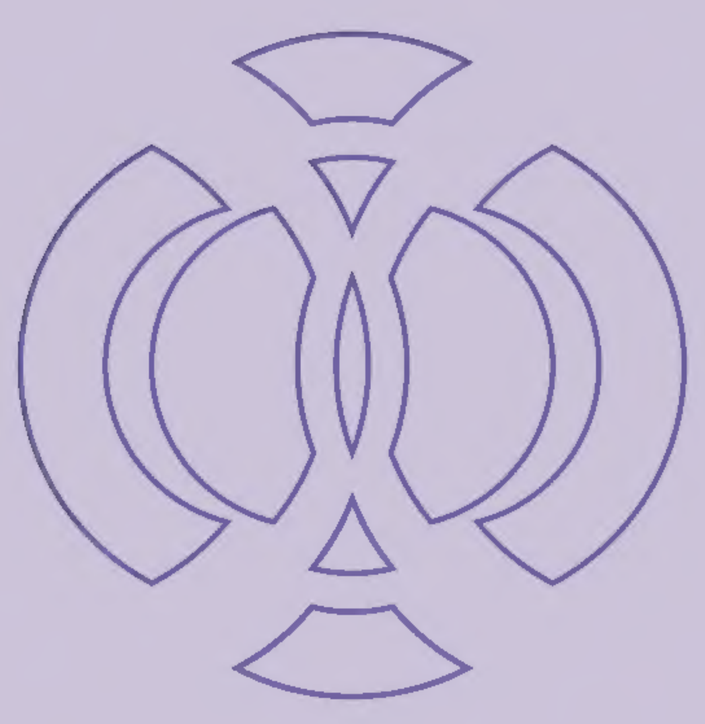
MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

THE END: PART THREE

ISSUE 28

image

SEX CRIMINALS
CHAPTER 28



AS BADAL AS I WANNA BEDAL

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DEDICATED TO A BUNCH OF STUFF

I'd offer you a drink, but this is very expensive.

Not that you're not worth it, but we both know you don't have a drink tonight.

And we both know that because...

...we've already seen it before.

Haven't we?

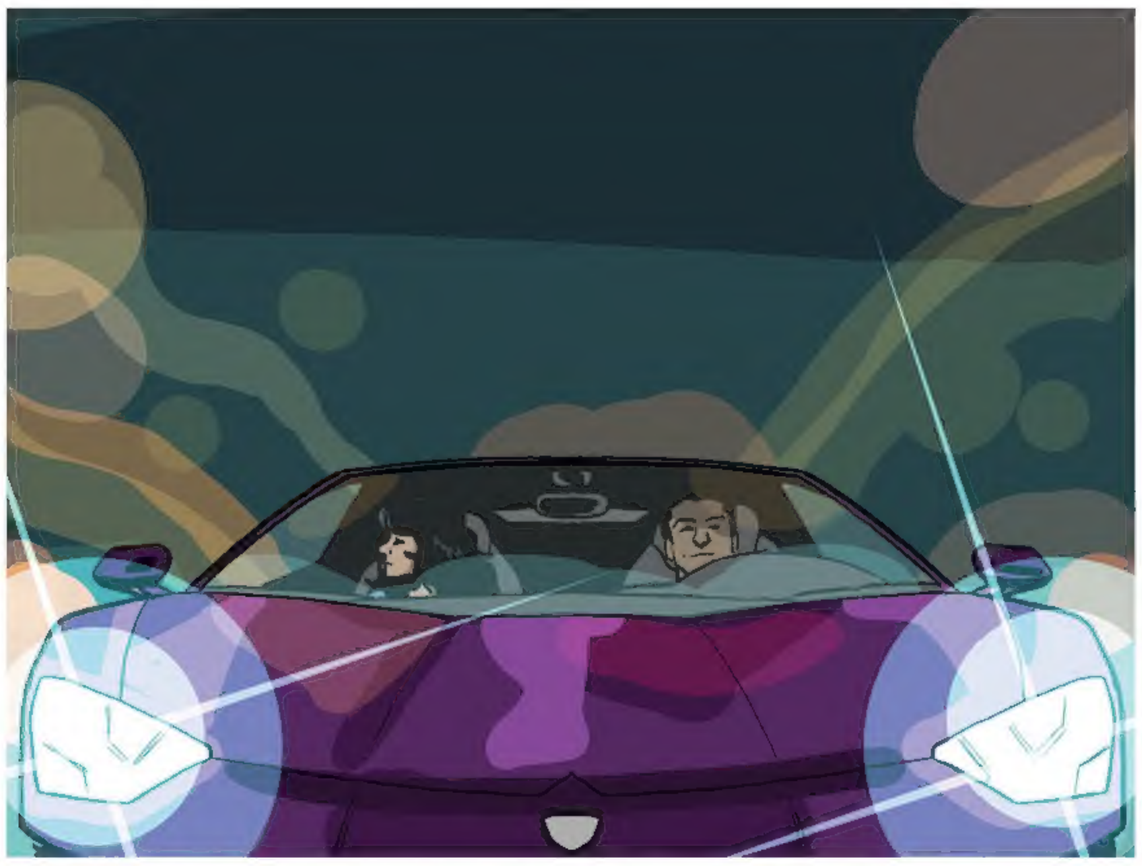
Yeah.

Yeah, we have.

Well then. Since we both know what happens next...

Let's get to *what happens next*, shall we?

Come on.



Where are we going?

Ha.
Wow.

Seriously?

The *road*, watch the road—
All right, all right...

...I'll say it if you want me to say it.
We're going to where it all *started*.
BADALCORP
BADADDY

Started for you, anyway.

I don't...

I don't understand. I've never seen this before. I don't even like to *be* in this goddamn—

...oh.

Fuck you, Badal.

How could I have *known*?

ulp

He was on to you, y'know. My father.

He knew you were moving money around in weird ways.

...Really?

How fantastic.

What an amazing run of events.

I never knew. I don't recall ever having met the man, I'm sorry to say.

But look how he's brought us all together.

The money I made in the micro-crash before your father's death allowed me to finally build *A.N.T.O.N.I.O.*

What's it do?

It's...

It's like a battery, you could say.

Who was he?

Oh come on, you *know*.

Bah, fine, okay, you want to play your games, play your games.

But I've been waiting a long time for tonight, and I'd appreciate simply getting down to it.

No no no, hang the fuck on—

—I don't know who you think I am or what you think I'm here for, but I guarantee you, it's not that.

Pff. Please, you're about one foot and *nine girthy inches* from being anything remotely resembling my type.

And I know exactly who you are.

You're *God*.

the perfect holes

the perfect holes

And here I sit before God, naked and unashamed.

A god. The God, I don't know.

I'm close though, right?

the perfect holes

Uhh...

the perfect holes

the perfect holes

the perfect holes

Mm?

God?

the perfect holes

I—

You—

What?

God.

You don't understand.

I've been waiting for this my entire life.

"My childhood was regular.

"I was very sexually normal just like everyone else at first.

"No *powers.*

"But also, no *spark.*

"It was like going out to eat, but ordering chicken.

"I just didn't *care.*

"Sex was another thing my body could do, like sneezing or shitting.

"But isn't that always the way these things go...

"...before one really finds *their thing.*"

I just, god, I'd do anything to get in. You know?

It's important to you—belonging to this club, mm?

Are you kidding? A club like this could make all the difference in my time here.

I would do. *Anything.*

How about, anyone?

mmphh

mm

And you're sure—

You're *sure*—

JESUS, I didn't say STOP don't—

Aah—

—You—

—you stupid TWINK I'm a fucking freshman too I just wanted to see if I could get you to put my cock in your mouuUUUUHHhh --

"Turns out what I needed to really get off was cruelty.

"God, the look on his face.

"'How could you?'

"'How could I?'

"I wish you could've seen it.

"But then again...

"I think you did.

"Because I saw you."

you can control time

"You wanted to tell me something.

"It sounded like music.

"*All* music, all at once.

and do anything you want because

I'm god

the perfect holes

insertion world tour 2003

"But I'd heard enough."

I would set about life with renewed purpose and do what you had commanded.

I of course had no idea how.

Such is life! Such is sexuality, is it not?

A dire purpose none of us come equipped to accomplish but for trial, error, and exploration.

Okay, well, I need you to know, I am very much *not* God.

I ... am Suze. Okay?

I never spoke to you as a glowing ghost in a bathroom.

I'm not God.

And I wouldn't have ever done anything to encourage you or your behavior, Badal.

Everything you accomplished in your life... brought pain to mine.

Everything you gained took things from me. Okay?

Well that is a terrific li'l chicken-egg conundrum you've got there, Suzanne.

Because I made all this *for* you.

Or rather to *find you* again, whatever you prefer.

After seeing you —hearing you— I was haunted.

Vexed.

"Antonio stuck around for two years after that, bless his heart.

"And the sex was never anything more than just that: sex.

"But the cruelty was exquisite.

"And exactly what I needed to get off.

"It was Antonio's sweet, stupid, guileless eagerness to please that helped me realize why that first time was different than all the others.

"I got off on hurting him.

"To find that world of silence and light where God talked to me...

Wenceslas waaaAAAAAAA—!!

—it's PEE it smells like PEE—

"I needed to be *mean*.

nnff

"It never worked like the first time, though."

I never saw you again.

So I knew that meant we were something yet to happen.

"I started to *test* what I could do.

"Would abstention increase intensity?

"If the difference between an orgasm and seeing God was cruelty... how cruel did I need to be?

"I found the meaner I was leading up to release, the more intense the effects.

"That light, that energy... it was cumulative.

"How much could I handle? How big could it get?

"I had to find out.

"I studied and pushed myself.

"I mastered desire. I tamed my lust.

"I explored cruelty, emotional manipulation.

"I cultivated levers of control.

"I inflicted abstinence.

"I enforced chastity.

"All of it..."

Thuh—

This was a mistaaaa—

A mistake and I—

Hefff fuck oh god—

—I want my grandmother's ring baaaaaaAAAA

AAAA

iggest news on Wall Street, however, was a startling IPO that broke all kinds of expectations— and made a few new millionaires in the process.

The young tech company, Solexxx, makes a new kind of solar cell *battery*, the kind they use in calculators.

R BATTERY COMPANY SOLEXXX OPENS NYSE

Its stock started the day valued at a modest three dollars a share, and by the time the bell rang, it closed at a jaw-dropping 446—

I came so hard I went to the *future*.

Lucky for me, the future was watching the news.

Two amazing coincidences happened that day.

I was able not only to make a not-insubstantial fortune overnight by glimpsing an opportunity—

But that opportunity made me a primary investor in the technology that's brought us together tonight.

All of this energy people like us generate. The *powers* we all have.

I realized I could *collect* it.

You can tell me now—

How do we go backwards? How much energy must I gather, how much will it take?

Do you and I need to experience orgasm at the same *time* or—

You *can't* go backwards, Badal.

That's the whole thing.

I'm sorry that I'm not who you think I am.

I'm just *me*.

Yes, Suzanne.

You. You're the only o

ne that ma

AAAFUCK—!

Fuck fuck FUCK—

—not AGAIN—

BADAL I SWEAR TO YOU

tters.

Are you all right?

AAhh—

—shit—

What the fucking FUCK is fucking WRONG WITH ME?!?

What? I—

You? Nothing.

Don't you see?

It's getting closer now.

Our *apotheosis.*

And I *really* wish you'd put your dick away.

I get that a lot.

So? Let's get on with it.

I don't know...

WHAT THE *FUCK* YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

These gifts we share. How would you define them?

We, uh. When we— you know.

We stop time.

I don't think that's quite right.

I believe we step *outside* of it.

What's that now?

"My life has been a cycle of tortuous abstention...

"Followed by explosive, emotionally malevolent *release*.

"In the way anyone else moves left or right...

"My orgasms moved me in a direction called 'future.'

"The *money* accrued power, the power accrued cruelty, and the cruelty made me nut so hard I thought my heart would stop.

"It wasn't enough.

"My aging accelerated. I didn't care.

"It was worth it."

Your... what?

Like, going into the Quiet made you get older?

I've been dyeing my hair—or simply waxing it off—for a decade now.

Every trip I take leaves me more and more desiccated.

Ewww—

The point, my dear Suzanne, is this: up has its down. Left has its right.

So must *future* have its *past*.

I built A.N.T.O.N.I.O., all the BadalCorp technology, the Sex Police— everything—

To trap enough energy to go "past" just as I'm capable of going "future."

You...

MMMMmmm?

So you'd have an orgasm... and all the energy you trapped...

You could go back.

And if I go forward and inform my path...

...

You could...

Go back and...

Oh god.

You think you can change the past.

Fuck yes I do!

I called it our apotheosis because that is exactly what tonight is: the crescendo of our lives to date—

—the moment to which every *other* moment has built: our *now*.

I listened to what you told me all those years ago.

And *everything* I've done was to make *now* happen.

My life, my work, my fortune, all of it has gone to this.

Our exalted elevation!

e perfect holes

insertion world tour 2003

"*Spurge* needed to feel like she was a force for *law* and *order*.

"I convinced *her* we were protecting our kind.

"Bud wanted to feel power and control...

"...and he was so self-hating he gave me the power and control to abuse him.

"The companies and corporations were all opportunity and will given shape and form.

"They all made traps."

All so we could *fuck time* as much as time has *fucked us*.

All so we could stop life and rewrite it however we see fit!

That's why I did it all, Suzanne.

What do you want? Name it. You want your father?

Let's bring him back.

Jesus, what now?

I don't think it's supposed to work that way.

Life doesn't stop, ever.

We can't go back, only forward.

BUT THIS IS WHAT YOU TOLD ME TO DO, YOU STUPID BITCH!

Heff

Heff

Fuck you look hot when you cry.

nnn.

fwump

God, the look on your face.

What?

You should be happy.

Stop! Please!

Ha.

Couldn't even if I wanted toooo—

oooOHHHH A.N.T.O.N.I.O. no teeth no TEETH—

AAAFUCK–!

stop

Fuck fuck
FUCK–

–not
AGAIN–

before
it's too late,
Kuber.

There's
still

time

BADAL I
SWEAR TO
YOU

You think
you can control time
and do anything that
you want because
I'm God–

–but you're
wr

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND WELL WISHES TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*.
YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED.
ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

WOW HI HELLO HI

That sure was an issue where things happened, right? Even though it was all basically one long beat-off Blofeld monologue. Anyway, I want to take a second to single out Chip's work here, because even though I wrote the goddamn thing I found it totally compelling and exciting, and he staged a lot of terrible nonsense wonderfully and this book never could exist without him, and NOW THAT WE ARE ALMOST DONE IT MAKES ME WORRIED THAT IF THE BOOK STOPS EXISTING CHIP WILL STOP EXISTING?? IS THAT HOW THIS WORKS???

Folks I'd be lying if I said I wasn't getting a little emotional down here in the home stretch.

Hey, it's been a while since I talked about my boners and mental health, so let's do that for a second, since -- as we are indeed almost done -- the time and space to talk about those things in the way the book did is running out. And if there's one thing writing SEX CRIMINALS has taught me, it's that ONLY BY TALKING ABOUT OUR BONERS AND MENTAL HEALTH HONESTLY AND OPENLY CAN WE DESTIGMATIZE PROBLEMS WITH OUR BONERS AND MENTAL HEALTH.

Because reader? This is a story about me *not* doing that very thing.

In the scrambled-egg frittata that is my particular mental-health breakfast-only menu item, from time to time in a way I find neither charming nor fun, medications *stop working*. Or start *working differently*. Or we grow and change and so do our conditions, so the medications become less *relevant,* I dunno. Anyway, I'd made some medication changes for my ADHD stuff.

The good news is, the new medication I'm on – Vyvanse -- has me feeling good, feeling focused, and best of all, not simply eating everything I come across. Which is good, because the last six months have been a disastrous clusterfuck of work stuff -- entirely of my own making, mind you -- and the idea of having to wade through it all in full ADHD-mode would be nightmarish in an entirely different way. And I don't binge eat anymore, and it doesn't fuck my sleep up nearly so badly.

So far so good, right?

Enter, as Neal Brennan calls it, "dick stuff."

The stuff Jon went through in our second arc -- his SSRIs rendering him desire-less -- was fairly straight autobio. I had the experience with Wellbutrin once upon a time. But this time around, the dick stuff was different. If what I'd experienced before was a kind of... sex-negation, this time felt more like the breaking of an imaginary sex circuit. Like the signal that went from brain to junk got stopped somewhere near my belly. I could feel desire; I could feel arousal; I could not actually get aroused.

Like, literally, I couldn't get any more erect than, say, a garden hose. I could still experience orgasm -- sorta? -- but it was not great? Or even good? Ejaculating became a very biological function. Almost like sneezing out of my dick. *You're welcome.*

And my approach was that something was wrong with me, of course; something inside somewhere was broken. Not medically -- I'd still get erections when I slept, so I knew it wasn't a physiological issue or anything -- was it some kind of male version of menopause? Do dudes go through that as they get older? I'm *hardly old,* but I was also hardly *hard,* so I didn't understand. Maybe the panic and anxiety disorder the Vyvanse *doesn't* treat found a new venue to express itself.

I became convinced that somewhere inside of me, something was wrong on a soul-level and this, finally, was some kind of higher self, punishing the lower self for its transgressions, failures, and weakness.

Spinning out from there, it was because I was of course so flawed and awful. That only the me-inside-me knew what a piece of shit I am, and this was punishment. I became convinced that part of my life -- an actual functioning, enjoyable sex life -- was quite simply over with *because I must not deserve it.*

And finally I talked about it with my doctor, who walked me through the difference between the *sympathetic nervous system* and the *parasympathetic nervous system.* That the drug treating the ADHD would work with one to depress the other, and that boners could sometimes be casualties of that. So some focus maybe was coming at the cost of some fucking.

But, too, we talked through the above; somehow hearing it *out loud* instead of in the megaphone-cavern that is my own head, made me hear how thoughts and feelings like the above... well, I understood again why I was in therapy, right? Sometimes it's simply to say the things, especially the hard things,

SEX TIP *Veganism doesn't stop at the dinner table! There are vegan lubricants that will allow you to enjoy moral superiority over meat-eaters in the bedroom as well!*

---

the difficult things, the painful or shameful or embarrassing things, out loud to someone else.

So I tried not taking my meds for a couple days and guess what? BONER CITY!!!!!!!!

Okay, letter time:

•

I bought the first few issues way back when, but I wasn't hip. This morning I read trades 1-3 and was obsessed. Please keep making these comics, it's the first time since Paper Girls I care enough to read something current (RIP Paper Girls), and I hope it continues. If you like doomy Metal/hardcore/80s movies, I front a band in the Akron, Ohio area. COOP(named after Dale Cooper himself (I caught a few Peaks references in the first 11 issues)), so check that out.

Thanks for making such a good comic
Zach

My parents are from the Akron area. So are Devo, and so are the Cramps. My parents never saw either band live. LAME!!!!!

•

So I'm catching up on my comics, like you do, and get to issue 21.

And nearly choke laughing at the scene where Suze walks in on her mom and the "circle of juicy crones" checking out their "deltas of Venus."

Not just because of the pure hilarity of that scene (and secondhand embarrassment for Suzie, jeez) but because that ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO MY MOM.

She was 10 and walked in to find her mother on the carpet with a bunch of her hippie friends with speculums (yikes) and mirrors checking out the deltas. All fully nude.

My mom has told me this story and promised not to follow in grandma's footsteps.
I told her about this panel but she didn't find it as hilarious as I did. A shame.

J

Okay so, on the one hand -- yikes -- but on the other hand -- GOOD FOR YOUR GRANDMOTHER. When we were trying to get pregnant, the volume of shit my wife did not know about the way her own body worked struck us both as not only staggering but negligent, extremely so. Generations of women grow up being shamed and punished for merely being women.

As funny as it is -- to me the joke comes from Suze walking in on it, not in what she walks in ON, to dangle a preposition. But at the same time? You go, Grandma. Get you a hand mirror and whatever explorer's tools feel appropriate, and go spelunking in your vast feminine reservoir that the world has conspired for centuries to keep from you.

(Side note -- I read a hypothesis that the very root of misogyny and the oppression of women stems from the innate ability women have to tell time with their bodies; that primitive man viewed menstruating women as having a mystical link between themselves, the tides, and the moon, and believed it to be threatening and powerful.

FUCKING DUDES, AMIRITE?!?

Shit, I think I talked about that book before here? UGH SORRY.)

•

First of all, big fan. I'm 21 now and this series has been there with me through the worst of my miserable and sex-confused clusterfuck of an adolescence (well not the earlier bits but I was a late bloomer anyway whatever that means). Anyway I'm a college senior now and, naturally, my relationship to your comic has changed quite a bit since the high school sophomore version of me first picked up the series. Back in the day this book was important to me because it was funny and light and every page was just brimming with a radical acceptance that was just so affirming to me at a time when I had little to no confidence in myself. Now I'm far more interested in, say, the ways in which this book treats sexual superpowers as if it were just another form of sexual variance à la Gayle S. Rubin's Thinking Sex: Notes for a Radical Theory of the Politics of Sexuality (I'm actually writing a paper on that right now).

Anyway, in looking at the series through a slightly more academic lens there was one moment that stuck out to me that I was hoping you could maybe shed some light on (super small thing but I can't stop thinking about it). In issue 12, Dr. Kincaid mentions that female genital mutilation was outlawed in 1996 and, to some extent this is true, but that statement is sort of reductive. Intersex people are regularly mutilated by doctors at birth and, as infants, are forced to undergo life changing surgery without their consent even though there is often no health risk involved with just leaving their genitalia alone. Not only this, but doctors often decide based on entirely subjective

SEX TIP *"Smart" sex-toys allow for long-distance partner play, interactive solo action, or just another opportunity for Bluetooth not to fucking sync with something.*

---

assessment whether to alter their genitals to look more like a penis or a vagina and, because (and this is a real saying that these surgeons have used) "it's easier to make a hole than build a pole," about 80% of these infants are decided to be female. In this sense, for 80% of intersex babies that are forced to undergo surgery, they are declared to be female and then have their genitals mutilated. In this way, "female genital mutilation" is actually startlingly common.

All this brings me to my questions: did Dr. Kincaid simply not know how current the issue of genital mutilation in the U.S. still was (she's a professor of time, not of sexuality after all)? Should I assume she knows but that the story wouldn't allow for her to get into it because it would have sidetracked the narrative? Did y'all know about it when you were writing it (please don't read that as an accusation, I didn't learn about all that until a couple months ago myself)?

Anyway that's all I really wanted to ask and also I've never written in to a letter column before and I thought it could be kind of fun.

Thanks so much for all the work you do,

Jon R

Oh jeez, a high school sophomore. Well, hopefully this book gave you more guidance and advice than I'd received by that point in life ("Don't get anybody pregnant" and "SEX KILLS" was about it).

The Ana lecture -- I found myself going through a variety of answers in my head here, and I suppose in the interests of full disclosure I should lay them out.

First off, issue 12 feels like it was 30,000 years ago. So if after I die, someone finds something in my notebook or script drafts that contradicts anything I write here now, uh -- well, I guess first off I'd want to know why they're going through my notebooks and script drafts? Creeps.

I know I knew at least something about forced intersex mutilations, if not the numbers. I knew that quote. And whatever I knew, Ana knew -- because, y'know. That's how writing works. The failings of the scene are mine.

It was an incredibly dense scene and one which saw significant rewriting, even after being drawn. Comics should be about the art and the words -- a lesson I constantly struggle to remind myself -- and there was SO MUCH data to get out for the thing to work. In any comic, space is a concern. Looking back at the issue, I'm STILL mortified by those giant blobs of text, and that's well after it had been edited down six times. The whole exercise was reductive, simply by virtue of what comics are. That feels like a cop-out.

I felt (and feel) the issue to be bigger than could be served by a head-nod. It fell outside of Ana's general thesis (which was about the history and practice of classifying the sexuality of women with vaginas as 'abnormal' and the predication of our entire language for TALKING about sex as coming from a place of EITHER/OR, which fails everyone no matter where one finds oneself on any given day) and because I didn't want to seem as though I were drafting the plight of others into the wake of her rhetoric -- it'd feel like using the issue as a prop (I remember trying to address the history of homosexuality being classified as mental illness in all that monologue, but it didn't fit either.)

That too feels, at least a little bit, like a cop-out. I don't know.

A lot of times in this book I struggle with being able to represent and reflect the entire spectrum of sex and sexuality in the world, but that's impossible. I hope no one felt omitted or ignored; everyone's story is worth telling.

•

I missed you.

Much love,
Josh

We missed you too, Josh.

•

As we come (heh) to the end (heh) of the story, what were some of the ideas that you had as you've been working on the book that one or both of you realized were just too crazy, even for this book?

--
Stephen S.

The upcoming SEX CRIMINALS SPECIAL: SEXUAL GARY comes awful close for me.

Also, the idea of doing 30-some issues on a regular monthly schedule for 30 consecutive months without fail, now, in retrospect, seems fucking NUTS.

To be fair, chum, we didn't think we'd survive past three issues.
-CZ

SEX TIP *After-care is a crucial part of a BDSM power exchange. Post-playtime, a good Dom always remembers to pay off their sub's student loans.*

•

It's my understanding that traditionally, a "writer" produces a "script," and then an "artist" creates "drawings" or whatever the correct jargon is.

Have you ever done it the other way around? Drawn a series of story boards or panels, then forced a writer to make sense of it?

This may be a stupid question, but on the other hand I've gotten an early start with the edibles because holiday season.

Yours,
Mike

PS: My son is in fact a mailman, and he's totally getting that T-shirt. Thanks for the tip.

Mike -- Chip hasn't for me, barring some restaging of shots or re-planning for action from what I'd written because what I wrote was gibberish. But by and large no.

THAT SAID, as Chip is quite the gifted (AND award-winning AND handsome) writer himself, I wanna hear what he has to say about writing for OTHER artists. TAKE IT AWAY CHUM:

All artists are scum and shall follow my scripts to the fucking letter. -CZ

•

Hi fellas! I hope you enjoyed the hiatus, but now that Sex Crims is back the brimpers need more brimping merch. The old shirts were great, but we're all too fat now to wear them in public (and running is bullshit anyway). I'm sure the fine folks at the Image marketing department can sacrifice a few Lying Cat plushies and come up with some great new perverted swag. Or not. I think we've already proven that we'll wear just about anything.

At the very least, it's good to have more issues to look forward to. Glad you're back!

David B.

We have, no joke, been trying off and on for a couple years to produce a watch :

And yet no takers. Sigh. And I know at some point Chip tried to get Funko to make some SEX CRIMINALS Funko pops, but I think they said, "How did you get this number?"

•

What's the best part of working with each other?

Do I need to mark this ok to print?

-Mike S-B

Mike, I mean this in all truth, without a single bit of sarcasm or facetiousness or "joke" anywhere in my body: the best part of working with Chip is working with Chip made him one of my best friends. I could not have asked for a better, kinder, smarter, more talented, funnier, more insightful, or more delightful human with whom I could have shared this joyous, insane journey.

The SECOND best part -- and this is still me without sarcasm or facetiousness or "joke" anywhere on my person -- is that every issue he puts in shit I find hilarious and have no idea is coming until the book comes in. Everything about the world this book takes place in, its richness and weirdness and detail, comes from Chip, and getting to see it -- and getting to see it first! -- is just the best.

If you think for a second I'm shooting my sentimental wad before our final issue you are sadly mistaken, Mike!! -CZ

•

I was so excited when I saw issue #26 was going to print soon. I had to get multiple copies (making sure I do my part- but also who we kidding, I gotta have the naughty Jason Latour Cover-will it feature a Southern Bastards Threesome?-we can only hope)

In only a few short months, It will be mine from my mail order LCS - good ole Kowabunga Comics in picturesque Oconomowoc, WI

SEX TIP *Spending six years of your life writing sex tips? At some point you'll swear you've already written whatever one you just wrote was, but run it anyway.*

(comics ordering is so strange) but it will all be worth it to have Matt & Chip's (or Chip & Matt's) fantastic story back in front of me again. So glad to have the book in my filthy mitts again-Thank you both completely and totally as equals or maybe 51%-49%.

Sincerely,

Drew E.

It would be amazing if the next letter in the inbox was ALSO from Drew E. saying NEVER MIND I TAKE IT ALL BACK.

•

Where the fuck have you been you brimping slackers?

Geoff D.

I liked you better when you were Drew E.

•

Jon and Suzie have a song, right? What is it?

Also, I have *never* stopped raving about how great your comic is for representation ever since you wrote an issue with an asexual character in it. That was excellent.

All My Best,

Aaron M.

It's gotta be "Fat Bottomed Girls," right? I mean, even though the words never appeared in the issue or anything, it seems to me like that's gotta be it. After all, it's when Jon told us he knew he loved her (JEEZ Jon it was like date 2 dial it back) but hey, whatever.

•

Gotta try to get this one in before it ends unlike WicDiv which I chickened out of doing in time.

Alrighty, one story:

One time my wife and I were doin stuff to music (v rare) and "Girl on Fire" by Alicia Keys came on, and when she was feelin good it hit the "This. Girl. Is. On. Fi-rrrrrrrrrrrrre," and she looked like she was singing the song and I started busting up and it was hilarious and amazing and ruined the night but it was so worth it because it's like my favorite story.

Also, this comic is one of my favorites and I'm insanely excited for it to return. Your comic, and your letters column, has helped me figure out sex and relationships in a judgment-free way while also being hilarious and heartfelt and entertaining. No other story (not just comic) could replace the impact that Sex Criminals has had on me personally.

Please love us tenderly,

The K's

Ha! That reminds me of a time in high school when a young lady and I were going at it, and she decided to "go down" the bed to where my penis was and put it in her mouth. When she discovered it was less than turgid, she held it like a microphone and tapped it twice, saying, "Is this thing on?" Well the joke's on you, Kara, it was NOT on, because I did not care very much for you!

•

I was wondering if Chip would come to Windsor for a comic book signing. His Howard the Duck inspired my Cosplay.

Thanks
George

Of COURSE he can!

George! I'm there right now! I'm right behind you! Quick! Turn around before I disappear! -CZ

SEX TIP *Honesty, openness, and communication are the hardest things in the bedroom*

•

I'm writing from my uni mail account (and man, I hope I'm not getting myself into some mess here), because I realized something reading #26 yesterday. I started reading Sex Crimz as a freshman, and the whole series is set to finish on the month of my graduation - passage of time. am I right? And, well, I'm going to fucking miss it. Big time. Irreparable hole in my heart and all.

I can't tell how many times I've read lines that stayed with me afterwards. I don't think any other series has characters in whom I could find not just bits and pieces, but whole, crispy chunks of myself and my issues. I'm not exaggerating when I say that the whole process of me becoming comfortable with my sexuality began with Sex Criminals, mostly, #13 and #14. A lot of shit has happened, and still happens in my life, but honestly, I don't know if I'd still be here if it weren't for you guys' help.

So, since I'm now uncomfortably aware of things ending in a foreseeable future, I felt like this is the moment to write all this - thank you. Thanks for the background jokes, thanks for the fourth wall breaking, thanks for the letter column, thanks for goddamn near everything. I love you to the extent you're okay with (it seems I make a decent mother-type friend, just a heads up).

xoxo

N (who's pan and not afraid of it anymore)

P.S.

Ryan and Fred's letters from last issue will both stick with me. Thank you both, i really mean it.

P.P.S.

Matt, I'm putting "It's hairfuckers, Bruce. Hairfuckers." on a tee and wearing it all next summer and i don't care who's your lawyer you can't stop me no one can stop me

Goddammit I don't get sentimental and emotional on YOU, YOU get sentimental and emotional on ME, that's the fucking arrangement here, N, and don't you goddamn forget it you giant beautiful sweet soul whom I shall always treasure and feel honored to have affected, even in the smallest of ways, ASSHOLE.

Thank you for the beautiful letter, N. As we near the end of the series it's just so wonderful to be reminded of the people we've managed to touch with our weird little sex book. It's thoughtful readers like you that kept us going when the work seemed insurmountable. And we'll forever be grateful for that.

I'm so sorry about Matt. Like, what's his deal? -CZ

•

I've been wanting to write this letter to you all for years now. With the series' end rapidly approaching, it feels as good a time as any to finally put pen to paper (...words to screen? fingers to keys? clicketies to clacketies?)

First of all - thank you. For everything you have created in terms of both story and letters pages. It should come as no surprise to anyone that a silly, pervy funnybook about people whose orgasms freeze time would actually turn into one of the most emotionally honest fandoms I have ever experienced in all my years of comic book collecting, because (say it with me now): sex is in many ways a shortcut to intimacy.

When I say this, I know what I'm talking about because, you see, I'm a recovering sex and love addict. What that means is not that I'm some crazy over-sexed individual or sexual deviant, but rather that, when I find myself overcome by negative emotions (i.e.: stress, anger, overwhelming sadness, etc.), I instinctively turn to sex or masturbation to numb it all out. And this reliance, this insistence, upon sex as drug and panacea leads me to often say "yes" to a lot of scenarios to which I should have answered, "OH, HELL NO!" It leads to financially, physically, and legally hazardous behavior in desperate pursuit of a "hit." Everything is justifiable if it leads to sex. After which, I'm overcome by waves of shame for my behavior. And the funny thing about shame is... it's a negative emotion. So, if you're paying attention, you know how I deal with it. That's right - more sex. Which leads to more shame. Which... you get the point.

Over time, my addiction isolated me from others. Rather than going out in the world to meet people, rather than take the risk of being hurt or judged or rejected, I sat at home with my computer and its unlimited access to porn, to phone sex, to cam girls. The world was my lubricated oyster.

(I should note that my particular addiction manifests primarily through digital and financial means. But unlike other addictions, sex addiction is deeply personal to the individual addict. Others struggle with anonymous sex, with physical porn, with staying

SEX TIP *no I'm just kidding the hardest thing in the bedroom is MY DICK NOW THAT I GOT MY MEDS ADJUSTED WOOOOO*

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faithful, with sexual anorexia. This is not one size fits all. But I can only tell my own story, which is full of mostly virtual sex and kink.)

(I should also clarify that there is nothing wrong with [ethical] pornography or phone sex workers or cam girls. They are all awesome. Just like beer and wine can be awesome, but they can also really mess up an addict's life. The point is, the problem lies in my struggle, not in the work sex workers do.)

At the core of it, I was (am) a lonely human being seeking connection and intimacy. YEARNING for intimacy. Desperate for it. Somehow - whether because society taught me over the years or as a result of my own unique experiences - I grew to recognize intimacy only, or at least primarily, through sex. It was in those late night posit-coitus hours, after all, with naked bodies wrapped around each other, that I shared some of the most intimate parts of myself, right? Pillow talk and all that jazzy jizz. So rather than letting intimacy lead me to sex, I sought out sex whenever I felt the need for intimacy.

The cruel part is that, at the same time, I feared (fear) intimacy. Feared it so much that the moment any of these virtual (or physical) partners started to get too close, I pushed them away. I kept to people who would abuse me, take advantage of me, but never truly care about me. Sex head replaced intimacy, yet intimacy remained what I craved. It was like i was starving, but everything I ate just made me hungrier. I kept stuffing myself with junk food, unsure why my body kept screaming out for fresh salad.

As I joined recover, I realized I was not alone. I found rooms full of people like me, struggling the way I struggle, trying to find a solution. Which involved a lot more honesty about how I feel and a lot less going into debt to pay for feet pics.

I by no means have it all figured out. I actually just had a slip yesterday, but I'm learning not to let the brief slips turn into extended relapse binges (writing and rewriting this letter is literally keeping me sober tonight). I'm discovering new ways to process the less pleasant side of life. Which brings us to tonight, when, recognizing that I was feeling a deep loneliness, I chose to read the just-returned Sex Criminals instead of behaving like one myself. And midway through the letter column, I was struck by the fact that those writing in and Matt and maybe even Chip had all seemingly stumbled upon the same truth: it's not really about the sex. It's not really about the butt stuff. It's not really about the bank robbing (even if that would help pay for the sex stuff).

It's about the connection between two people who, through all the disconnection and isolation and digital static of our age, managed to find each other. It's about the black ink on white letters pages that allows a community to form around a fictional world. It's about actually feeling the sadness when it arises, and actually feeling the joy, and exulting in the freedom to speak openly about both the sadness and the joy with others, and the hope that maybe, one day, I won't have to share this behind the veil of anonymity. It's about the intimacy.

Thank you for letting me tell a small part of my story in your letters page. I've long been curious whether anyone else in this community of readers might relate. So I say this for myself as much as for anyone for whom this all resonates: you are not alone.

Love to my fellow brimpers and addicts,
Some Lucky Anonymous Asshole

Keep coming back, Lucky. It works if you work it.

And I can't think of a finer way to sum this entire experience up, so thank you.

•

Hey guys. If I ordered some onion rings for the table, would you eat some or no? Because I don't want to eat a whole thing of onion rings by myself and feel super gross later.

Love,
Morgan S.

No, no wait, this is a better way to sum this entire experience up. Fuck you, Lucky, and thank you, Morgan, yeah, I could go for some rings.

•

NEXT TIME!
WHAT JON DID

PASSIN' haha ha ha LAFFS!

with BUD & DEWEY ha ha

A man goes to his doctor because he's depressed.

He says, "Doctor, help me! I'm depressed!

"Food has no taste anymore, I hate my job, I never see anyone and I never talk to anybody.

"I wake up in the middle of the night because I've been crying in my sleep, and then I realize how *sad* that is and I just cry more!

"Doc, I really think I'm gonna end it all!"

Well the doctor, he isn't worried.

He claps his hands together and laughs!

"This one's easy!," the doctor says to Pagliacci, "And all you—"

Son of a *bitch*—

Wait, what happened to the guy?

Was he okay?

More laffs next time!!!

PASSIN' haha ha ha LAFFS!

with BUD & DEWEY

ha ha

So there's this family act, right? A whole family of little entertainers. And they go to see a talent agent, hoping for representation.

And the agent says, "Oh, great! I love family acts. They're so wholesome and delightful!"

He sits back, puts his feet up, and says "Show me what you got!"

And the family they start their act but it's—like, it's gross.

It's... it's super, super gross.

What is?

The act.

What do you mean by "gross"?

What kind of stuff do they do?

Well, like...

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Good lord.

What would you even *call* that act?

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WHY WOULD THEY DO THAT? WHY WOULD THEY CALL IT THAT?!?

THAT IS A TERRIBLE NAME FOR A TERRIBLE ACT!

No, Dewey, honey, wait—

More laffs next time!!!

FOR MATURE READERS DO

RATED **M** / MATURE

LOOK ALL I'M SAYING IS MAYBE ADD A THIRD KID IN THAT TRENCH COAT

ZONE